shall grow stronger then twas before.

Cas. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore. wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now: for while this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this pestilence into his care,
That she repeales him for her bodyes lust;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh em all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase,
one that filles vp the cry: my money i
exceedingly well cudgeld: I thinke
much experience for my paines, as
all, and with that wit returne to *Ven*

Iag. How poore are they, that ha
What wound did euer heale, but by
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Do'st not goe well? *Cassio* has beat
And thou, by that small hurt, hast ca
The other things grow faire against
But fruites that blossome first, will fir
Content thy selfe awhile; bi'the ma
Pleasure, and action, make the houres
Retire thee, goe where thou art bill t
Away I say, thou shalt know more h
Nay get thee gon. Some things are t
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her
I'le set her on.
My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore
And bring him iumpe, when he may
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and del

Enter Cassio, *with Musitians*

Cas. MAsters, play here, I will co
Something that's briefe, a

Clo. Why masters, ha your instru
speake i'the nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind I

Boy. I marry are they sir:

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a wind

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